

The Times' Daily Short Story.

HUNTING QUEER PREY

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We had gone out to the Solimar reefs, fifty miles to the south of Ceylon, to capture if possible a living specimen of the octopus or devilfish for the Bombay museum. After arriving and anchoring the bark a safe distance from the reefs we pulled in with the yawl to look for signs of the prey we were after. We had every reason to believe that he was "at home" in a shallow cave at the base of a big rock, but we had hopes not to go too close.

Next morning two boats approached the rocks from opposite sides, and Professor Grimshaw, who had charge of the expedition, landed to make a close inspection. Our approach was made as silently as possible, and the professor removed his boots before landing. There was no danger of the octopus running away if he was there, but we had some plans to lay in advance. After some spying about he was located in the cavern spoken of, and the professor was dismayed at the size of the creature. He had counted five great tentacles, and the bulk of the octopus was that of a big barrel. It was decided that its feeding time would be about high water, and at low water it might come out to lie on the rocks or swim in the channel. It was for low water we waited, and before the tide had run out we landed on the rock again and stretched two large fish nets across it and weighted them at the corners with stones to prevent their being carried away.

In the channel we stretched other nets, and at dead low water we hauled off to see if anything would occur. Something did. The octopus decided to take a little ramble, and he came down the channel toward our boat. When he reached the net and found his progress checked he was furious in an instant and did just what we hoped he would do. He seized it and began pulling and hauling, and in a minute or two he was all tangled up. For the next quarter of an hour we were treated to a rare exhibition. No whale could have made the fuss that monster did. In his struggles he threw water twenty feet high and for fifty feet around him, and now and then he raised an arm high in the air and swept it around him like a flail and with such a swish as a flail would make in the hands of a giant. The net was of the strongest material, and when he ceased to struggle we realized that he was pretty well tangled up. We could do nothing more toward his capture just then, however, as the tide had turned, and he retreated to his lair, taking the nets with him and making long progress.

At 8 o'clock next morning we landed on the rocks and found the nets all right. The professor had brought

along a big squirt gun and a large jar of chloroform, and when all was ready we made a circuit to the west and got as near as we dared to the cavern and then began rolling stones into it. We had not been at work over five minutes when the octopus was routed out. We first saw one long tentacle shoot out of the water and clutch the rock above, and then the creature slowly and laboriously drew itself out.

The net had been bitten and broken in many places, but still tangled about him so as to greatly hamper his movements. Of the five arms only one was entirely free. The monster must have thought the attack was being made on him from above, for he had no sooner caught sight of the spread nets than he went for them in a furious way. He was, of course, still further tangled up, and the exhibition of the previous day was nothing to this.

Nothing living could have broken clear of that tangle, but we had a good idea of the creature's strength by the way he snapped ropes and cords here and there. With one free tentacle he picked up and hurled into the sea a loose rock which two strong men could not have moved.

It was a quarter of an hour before the octopus was so entirely tangled in the nets that he could struggle no more, and we waited at least ten minutes before approaching him. Then the professor advanced with his squirt gun charged from the jar of chloroform, and its contents were shot full in the monster's face. In two minutes he lay as if dead, and we then got ropes and straps and made him secure. Now and then there was a shiver the full length of the tentacles, and we had to stand back while the professor repeated the dose, but at no time did the octopus regain full consciousness. When all was ready we put planks under the body and slid it down into the water, and after a hard two hours' work we got the mass aboard the bark and into a box prepared in advance.

Few people have ever seen a full grown devilfish, as not above two or three have ever been on exhibition, and these came ashore dead and shrunken. The weight of this fellow was 510 pounds, and the stretch of each tentacle was over eighteen feet. The size of the tentacles at their base was as large as the body of a boy ten years old, and each was armed with over 200 disks or sucking cups. Had he got three of his long arms around the body of a whale and used the other two to cling to some submerged rock his whaler would have stood no show whatever.

The odor exhaling made us all more or less sick and dizzy, and we were glad enough when we had landed our captive at Bombay. He is there today, but only as a preserved specimen. The best of care was given him when transferred to the museum, but in the course of five or six weeks he was dead. So far as I know, however, he was the only one of his kind ever taken alive.

M. OTADI.

A CHINESE JOAN OF ARC

Miss Kang Tells of Her Work For Humanity.

HOPES TO REFORM HER COUNTRY

Through Education of Women and Training of Children the Daughter of a Deposed Chinese Prince Minister Expects to Extend Her Work. She Thinks American Women Had Far Better Adopt Eastern Dress.

Miss Kang Tung Bac, daughter of Kang Xu Wei, head of the Chinese Empire Reform association and former prime minister of the deposed emperor, Kwang Su, is proving herself just as ardent and far more practical a reformer than her father, says the New York World.

The other evening Miss Kang lectured to the first audience of Chinese women ever gathered in New York city, with the object of forming a woman's branch of the Chinese Empire Reform association. The meeting was held in the upper rooms of the Morning Star mission at 17 Doyers street. There were about 200 Chinese present, thirty-five of them being women.

Previous to her address to her fellow countrymen Miss Kang turned to the few Americans present and in very musical broken English said:

"I want to tell my Chinese sisters to be as much like their American sisters as possible. I want them to read papers. I want them to know things."

Miss Kang then spoke in her native tongue for over half an hour on the needs of reform in China. She told the women that they must not be satisfied to let the men do all the work, but that they must instill the principles of reform into the minds of their children; that they must educate and broaden themselves.

"You know," she said, "that Confucius tells us that if we wish to teach any one we must first teach ourselves."

The women's branch of the Chinese Empire Reform association was then organized, with Mrs. Fung Y Mow as president. Meetings in future will be held once a week in the rooms of the Morning Star mission, and it is expected that within a very short time all the Chinese women in New York and the vicinity will become members.

Mrs. Fung Y Mow, the president of this organization, has taken an active part in mission work among the Chinese women in New York for the past seven years.

In personal appearance Miss Kang Tung Bac, the reformer, is beyond a doubt the prettiest Chinese woman that has been seen in New York city. She is of medium height, slim and very graceful, with an abundance of black hair, full, rounded, olive cheeks, with just the faintest shadow of redness in them, a rosebud mouth, white, small teeth and small feet and hands. She is but seventeen years old, was born at Canton, China, and educated at the English schools in Hongkong and in India.

When Miss Kang was eleven years old her father was forced to flee from China, taking her with him, to escape the wrath of the dowager empress, and thereby saved his head, as his six associates, all mandarins, who had helped him to organize the Young Chinese Reform party were decapitated. Since then she has traveled extensively through Europe, Asia and America. She speaks several languages.

When a reporter met Miss Kang at the home of Joseph Singleton in Brooklyn, where she has been staying, she said:

"Everything depends on the Chinese woman. Only through the mother can the child be taught, and how can we expect to teach our children unless we first educate ourselves? For a long time it has been regarded as a calamity in China for a female child to be born, and we must make our people realize that the women are every bit as good as the men."

"If the Chinese women will educate themselves and prove themselves intellectually the equals of their husbands and assert themselves they will be treated more as your American women are treated. Perhaps the Chinese women of today will not see the awakening and enlightenment of our rich and beautiful kingdom and see it brought to the prosperity which you enjoy, but the training of the children of the coming generation will help bring forth the desired result."

The reporter then asked Miss Kang if she favored the adoption of the American style of clothing for Chinese women.

"No, I do not," she said. "I wear your dress when I am in your country only because my native costume would make me too conspicuous. The American woman had far better adopt the Chinese costume than we should here. Our style of dressing is warm, loose, comfortable and sensible, while yours is—Here Miss Kang gave a very contemptuous shrug of her shoulders."

Miss Kang intends to stay for a year, during which time she intends to attend one of the female colleges here. She will take a special course in civil government and political economy. Miss Kang hopes in time to establish branches of the Woman's Reform association in all the western cities. She thinks that she could organize a particularly strong one at San Francisco.

The Young Chinese Reform party, of which Miss Kang's father is the head, wants to remove the dowager empress and place the young emperor in power on the throne.

Miss Kang claims that the empress is in league with Russia to break up the Chinese empire.

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NEW WHITE HOUSE LIVERY

With President's Approval, Secretary Loeb Plans Gorgeous Display.

By order of Secretary Loeb eight messengers at the president's executive offices in Washington appeared the other day in uniforms of dark blue with shining nickel buttons, says the New York World. If the scheme does not stir up so much ridicule that the president is forced to order that the distinctive clothing be discarded, it is Mr. Loeb's intention to put all the employees around the White House and the executive offices in uniform.

The uniforms planned for the messengers at the White House are gorgeous and will remind traveled visitors of the courts of Europe. Even Chief of Staff Mr. Roosevelt has given the plan his full approval, but if too much of a row is kicked up Mr. Loeb will have to stand all the blame.

John Addison Porter, secretary to President McKinley, was another who tried to make the White House look like a foreign court. He ordered Captain Loeffler, the president's doorkeeper, who is an officer in the army, to appear in his dress uniform. Mr. McKinley spotted Loeffler when he opened the door for the first time and asked why he was in uniform. Captain Loeffler referred him to Secretary Porter, who said he thought it would look more dignified to have all of the attendants uniformed. Mr. McKinley was very angry.

"This is a republic," said Mr. McKinley, "not a monarchy. Send Loeffler home to change his clothes."

Until Mr. Loeb's advent no one since then has had the courage to suggest uniforms at the White House.

NEW MOTOR ON CANALS.

Electricity From Overhead Wire Successfully Moves Boats.

A successful test of a mechanism for towing canal boats by electricity was made on the Erie canal between Troy, N. Y., and Schenectady the other day, says the New York Tribune. A device called an electric mule, of eighty horse-power and running on rails on the tow-path, was used. It is capable of towing four loaded canal boats at the rate of four miles an hour. The power is obtained by trolley from an overhead wire. The machine can run in either direction. The first boat handled was loaded with sand. Difficultly was experienced in getting a towing line strong enough. Finally a heavy hawser was put on, and the boat was hauled quickly the extent of the tracks. Two loaded boats hauled by three horses were met. They contained 600 tons apiece. The horses were unhitched, and the boats were moved together by the electric mule, working backward.

The mule is about 10 feet long, 2 feet wide and 3 feet high and resembles an inverted rowboat.

Pope's Barber Visits His Patron.

Rome, Oct. 30.—Pope Pius X. has been the recipient of many touching proofs of devotion, but the most remarkable is that of Luigi Cristofoli, a barber, who used often to shave the pope when he was patriarch of Venice, who walked from Venice to Rome, 400 miles, to pay his respects to the pontiff. Cristofoli went to the Vatican and said he wished to see the pope, and he was not only surprised, but annoyed, to find that he must formally ask for an audience and even, perhaps, not get it. The barber went in high dudgeon to the sisters of the pope, who consoled with him and promised to speak to his brother in his behalf.

Lamar Assault Case Up.

Freehold, N. J., Oct. 29.—The assault on James McMahon, formerly coachman for David Lamar, a New York broker, came up again before Judge Helsley here. Lamar, his brother-in-law, Bernard Smith, "Monk" Eastman and Joseph Brown were acquitted by a jury on Oct. 16 of the charge of conspiring to assault with intent to kill McMahon, but there still remains another indictment charging assault. E. W. Arrowsmith of counsel for the defendants asked the court to lay the matter over until Thursday next, so that all of Mr. Lamar's counsel might be present, and Judge Helsley granted the request.

Children.

There are three classes of children, according to the Home Science Magazine, that teachers dread to receive—namely, the only child, the youngest child and the child raised by his grandmother.

SCHOOL LIFE IN TENTS

Scheme in Arizona to Build Up Health of Delicate Boys.

OUTDOOR WORK MIXED WITH STUDY

Steer Tying, Branding Contests, Hunting and Camping Some of the Features of an Institution Which Is Called a "Prep" School in the Open.

"Prep" school in the open—each young fellow possessing his own tent, horse, seven dogs, if so inclined; study punctuated with hunting and camping trips to the mountains, mines, Indian reservations, steer tying and branding contests, prehistoric ruins and the big horse ranches, almond orchards and orange groves that are marked features of the Salt River valley, Arizona—this is the latest addendum to the popular desert camp life which is proving such a boon to people who need the outdoor living to build them up, says a dispatch from Tucson to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Boys temporarily disabled by overwork in study or athletics; pale, weak and anemic, yet anxious to keep up their class work, have found an all fresco school life where development of brain goes on with that of the body an attractive and delightful prescription for "how to get strong" and be contented while getting so.

One of the young fellows, just out of high school, who went last year from the east professed so well by his year's experience in self reliance and the ability to fend for himself that at the close of the school year in May last he started, with only his saddle and pack horses for company, for the long overland trip across the desert, through the "range" country and over the Rockies to Denver, cooking and caring for himself on the way. He returns this fall—brawn, robust, keen witted—ready for another year that will fully re-establish his health and at the same time finish his preparation for one of the eastern colleges.

The mise en scene of this queerest of schools is an interesting one. It is situated on the very edge of the desert, near the little city of Mesa, which was first reclaimed from purely desert about twenty-five years ago by the Mormons, who were the pioneers in opening up these pleasant lands to civilization. On the east are the Superstition hills, around which cluster so many Indian legends and so many tales of lost mines. Off toward the north rise the Mogollon and San Francisco ranges, and in the distance Four Peaks looms up, whose snow clad summits are the rancher's weather bureau, which he consults to ascertain whether the valley is to have a plentiful supply of water. Nearer by is the red Mountain of McDowell, where General Crook and his followers fought and finally overcame the wild Apaches, and to the south Twin Buttes and the distant hills of Sacaton.

For the boy with archaeological or ethnological predilections this section of

fers a fascinating field for private exploration and study. In every direction rise well defined prehistoric mounds, filled with countless pieces of pottery, broken to be sure, but with colors and patterns perfectly bright and clearly defined; shell and bone amulets, arrow points of obsidian and flint, bits of turquoise, charred corn cobs and stone implements galore—all relics of that skillful, industrious, provident race that dwelt in southern and central Arizona centuries ago, but vanished, leaving no history of where it came from or the cause of its disappearance. Here, too, are the pictured rocks, their colors still as fresh as when the prehistoric artist depicted on these tables of stone strange birds and animals long since extinct.

Five miles away lies Los Muertos, the fields of the dead, partially unearthed by the Cushing expedition in 1880. This was one of the largest of these ancient cities whose population, prior possibly to the pharaohs or Roman kings, has been estimated at more than 65,000. All about in the desert are the ruined corals or stock pens in which the llamas and other animals of the inhabitants were kept, while the irrigating canals still in use are the splendidly built prehistoric ones, simply cleaned out and repaired by the thrifty ranchmen of today.

VALUE OF ALASKA DECISION

Our Counsel Thinks It Will Make Impossible Future Disputes.

Chandler P. Anderson, the counsel to the Alaska commissioners at the Alaska boundary tribunal, returned recently to New York on the steamship New York of the American line. The first news he had of the decision was that received by Marconi wireless telegraph when the ship was passing Nantucket late the other night.

He expressed his pleasure at the decision and said to a reporter of the New York Times: "I have not yet read the decision through, but from what I hear it has been a great victory for America. The two islands which we receive amount to little because they are not settled."

"The real value of the decision lies in the fact that disturbances which naturally would have come between this country and Canada under the old conditions are now impossible, and the way is now open to settle the differences which this country and Canada may have in the future. The questions which have been unsettled can now be looked into. All other matters were set aside when the boundary dispute arose, and by its settlement by arbitration the fact has been proved that we need never look to any other means of settling disputes."

"I think that the settling of this matter as it has been settled has increased the feeling on both sides and that it will make the two governments more friendly. The next step in the matter will be the sending of experts to survey the country and map out the exact boundary."

"There was no dissatisfaction shown by the English people up to the time I left. In fact, I can say that there was less interest taken by the people in the matter than I have ever seen in one so great."

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